

TO ONE BEREAVED.

BY ALICE GARY.

They told to whom his life was known,
"A good man from our town is gone."
And closing up the gap, moved on,
And you were with your dead alone.

Another friend his place might fill,
For he they mourned was but a friend—
No hope your bitter grief could mend—
Gone you had fallen a life-long ill.

In looking on the sunned spot
From west to east, from east to west,
Amongst the brave and the best,
You only saw that he was not.

A shadow still and wide and grim—
Even yet, lead your eyes no trace—
The smiling of the friendliest face
Seems to you like a wrong to him.

And seeing how the world has moved—
Away from him, how new names rise
In th' thoughts of men, your full heart efts,
He was not half enough beloved!

But while you grieve that change should fail,
And while you almost disallow
Their smiles who loved him best, think thou
That he is changed the most of all.

From all our narrow scenes see—
Tougher, larger, clearer sight—
From darkest pain to peace and light—
From time to immortality.

THE JEALOUS MARCHIONESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNTESS D'ASH.

BY JUL. G. DURANT.

CHAPTER I.

A MARCHIONESS'S CORONET.

It was a resplendent and invigorating autumn morning, in the month of October, 1831, that a venerable old man ran through to admission to an ancient hotel in the Rue de Vendôme. The porter, rushing to meet him, placed his finger to his lips to enjoin silence while crossing the court-yard.

"Mademoiselle has not yet risen, Monsieur le President, and you know how solicitous the viscountess is that her daughter's rest shall not be disturbed."

"Spoiled child!" muttered the president, shrugging his shoulders. "Perhaps I may find some one to announce me to her mother, or are the servants like their young mistress, asleep?"

"The footmen are certainly in the ante-chamber, sir, but I dare not ring, for Madame would repudiate me."

The old man, proceeding on his way, ascended the steps of the porch. He encountered in the hall the aged housekeeper, stooping under a large bundle of linen she was bearing.

"Good morning, Mrs. Angèle," exclaimed the president, addressing her. "Perhaps you appear to be extremely busy to-day. Can Madame be seen?"

"Madame la Viscountess is occupied in the drawing-room, arranging the bridal gifts and marriage outfit, so that our young mistress may find them prepared when she awakes. The grand reception takes place this morning, when all the lady friends of Mademoiselle and the acquaintances of Madame will be present to examine our negligent presents."

"As might be conjectured, the important question of the yellow shawl was settled to the satisfaction of Beatrice. After having tenderly kissed the rosy fingers that she extended to him, the marquis took his leave and returned to the business occupations in which he had been interested.

He was not long awaiting a new message.

Three afterwards during the day, and from motives as serious as that relating to the color of a cashmere, was he forced to return. On the first two occasions he arrived apparently joyous and satisfied. The freaks of a charming girl possess numberless attractions. As long as courtship lasts these mingling manners seem exultant! In the trials of marriage, however, serious difficulties follow; to prove agreeable it must produce between husband and wife an ample harvest of mutual regards, of reciprocal good deeds. If the young orchard bears nothing but barren flowers of brilliant colors and sweet perfume, what remains after the fruit is plucked? A few dry and leafless branches.

"And you say the crime has just been perpetrated?"

"Five minutes ago."

"Is it the next door?"

"In the hotel itself—to the left of the carriage gateway."

"What! What did you say? What is it?" repeated twenty voices.

"It is this, gentlemen," resumed the narrator. "300,000 francs have just been stolen from the broker's office in front of this hotel, and his daughter is murdered."

At this question present itself to the mind of the Marquis de Monza when, for the last time, he found himself recalled by a pressing note to the hotel of Beatrice.

His features more seriously discomposed. He answered with graceful politeness the questions addressed him, but in an absent, pre-occupied manner. He asked several times if no message had come for him—if no one had sought him, and finally requested not to be sent for again, since it would not be likely to return home. He left the hotel without passing the hand which Beatrice, engrossed in admiring some trimmings, had given to him.

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